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petition there is no opportunity for an intelligent interchange of ideas. The architect is forced to combat with the ignorance of five, seven, or nine gentlemen, without even knowing them personally; he receives his information from one of their number, who, of course, is very apt to represent his own views as those of the committee; he is well aware of the fact, and consequently, to be successful, he abstains from presenting a plan which would be diametrically opposed to their preconceived notions. Of course such a plan is anything but the best to be done. I was once leisurely reclining against a drawing-board in Mr. Pinch's private office while he was engaged in conversation with a friendly committee-man after having the work competed for, awarded to him. I heard him say with a low, trembling voice, 'Mr. —, I am very glad to have been selected as your architect; but indeed I am not entirely satisfied with my plan; I should much like the privilege of remodelling it.' 'How is that? We really thought your sketch a superior effort. There was not the slightest objection against any of its features, while other plans presented insurmountable difficulties.' 'This,' confidentially continued Mr. Pinch, 'is the very reason why it is good for nothing. I have embodied in it all the errors that I knew the committee cherished as so many cardinal virtues, in order to propitiate their feelings; but now as I shall have an opportunity of getting acquainted with them, I shall be able to convince them of the truth, and produce such a plan as will do credit both to you and myself.' What do you think of that?"

(To be continued.)

Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

A CORRESPONDENT, under date of London, July 27, says: I have made several visits to Marlborough House, and have been studying Turner, with more earnestness than enthusiasm. I have in vain sought for those miracles of art which Ruskin discovers, and I am forced to be honest, and say that in these productions the great English painter disappoints me in every way. I was taught to consider his skies and clouds all that could be desired, but I find them bold dashes of color, and totally wanting in that delicacy and beauty of form which we find in the regions above us. I am no determined advocate of mere execution, but I confess to feeling the want of it when looking at such works as that of "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," and "The Snow Storm at Sea," or some of the later Venetian scenes of this artist. Masses of color are put on the canvas as with a trowel, and indeed many of his works appear as if the contents of a mortar, charged with the scrapings of the palette, had been fired against the canvas. I always thought that Turner painted directly from nature, but by his numerous drawings it appears he merely made memoranda, sometimes in color, but quite as often in words. To a man of powerful memory, these might have been as useful as elaborate studies, but judging by results, I can see no evidence of Turner's superiority in this respect. You would be amused with Ruskin's notes on this collection, in which, after criticising his idol with the greatest severity, and pointing out defects which would condemn any other painter, he devoutly falls down in blind worship, declaring that, with all his faults, he has never had an equal. How the author of pre-Raphaelitism could have admired Turner must always be a mystery to me.

The exhibitions of the two water color societies close on the

31st inst., and I will first call your attention to that of the old society. They exhibited this year over three hundred drawings, and most of them are of a high order. To my mind, here consists the superiority of English art, for touch, power, and delicacy. Among the figure-pieces I would notice "Fortune Telling," by Oakley; "Tyrolese Carrier," by Carl Haag; "The Carter's Family," by Jenkins, and a winter scene, "Carting Ice," by E. Duncan. These works are tender and delicate, and full of artistic feeling. T. M. Richardson exhibits perhaps some of the best landscapes, and among them is a scene on Lake Como, which is as pure a landscape as need be painted. Another, by the same artist, "Roman Peasants Resting near Naples," is a happy combination of excellent figure painting, with the bay of Naples at your feet, and Vesuvius in the distance. The horizon is quite high, but the water is perfectly level, and the almost inexpressible blue of the bay is happily rendered. There is another class of works by C. Branwhite, but still equally deserving of favorable mention. One is a scene in North Wales, and is delineated with all the power of oil colors. It abounds in rich color, and the light on the principal objects in the foreground is fairly sparkling. It wants atmosphere, however, and is perhaps too boldly painted, there being a free use of opaque color in the high lights. "A Ferry near Cookham," by the same hand, is a more simple picture; the ferry-boat crossing the stream is finely introduced, only one end of it catching the light, and forming the chief point of brilliancy in the picture. There are two by S. P. Jackson, "Early Morning," and "Evening;" the latter especially is full of the sentiment of the hour. The deep shadows have drawn themselves around the hills, and a delicious quietness is resting over all objects around. There is no affectation of manner, but a simple and heartfelt rendering of the subject. There are many good marine subjects, and especially to be noted is "The Morning after the Gale," by Duncan, and a "Coast Scene," by Richardson. I have never seen the dashing of the surf so well represented; it tosses, rolls, and recedes, and then lingers to gain new strength for a second attack on the hard beach. The sand seems boiling amid the water, and to one who has at all carefully watched the breakers, this little picture will come home with great truth.—W. Hunt exhibits several fruit pieces, which are "good enough to eat," nor are similar subjects by Maria Harrison to be lightly spoken of. Most of the works are marked with that encouraging word to an artist, "sold," and have brought excellent prices. The number of visitors has been large at all the exhibitions, and the enthusiasm seems not at all abating as the season brings to a close.

The New Society in Water Colors exhibits about as many pictures as the other, but they are generally inferior, although worthy a high place in this department of art. There is one entitled "Forest of Dean," by Edward E. Warren, which would make the reputation of any landscape artist. The principal object is a beech tree, with the light coming rather behind than directly on one side, and so managed as to show the receding branches, with the clear sunlight appearing through the retreating foliage. This is a success of itself, but to follow the light on the trunk, and then to where it falls on the ground, and see how truly sunlight can be represented without strong contrast, makes this picture valuable as a subject of study. To say technically how all this effect is produced would hardly be possible, and I doubt if the artist himself could detail the method. It seems rather felt than painted, and yet there is an abundance of color apparent when you closely examine it. The same

painter exhibits two other subjects, "The Road by the Mill-side," and "The Pleasure Party," but they are not equal to the first.—"Blowing Fresh," by S. Cook, is excellent, and several by William Bennett, occupy a good place.—J. S. Prout exhibits a number of architectural views, and they are treated with a freedom and a character which is really wonderful. All the delicate tracery of Gothic architecture seems expressed with a few lines, and yet all is there that could be desired; a further finish would make these pictures mere elevations.—"The Dairy," by Augustus Bouvier, "Wild Berries," "Dressing the Bride," "The Lassie at the Burn," by the same artist, are delicately painted, and abound in fine feeling.—A scene in the bay of Naples, by Rowbotham, is an excellent picture, and indeed there are only a few that can be called bad; some are indifferent, but the majority are worthy of the school of English Water Colors. I should not forget to mention several excellent figure-pieces, by Haghe, among which is "The Drinking Song" and "The Spy." These are brilliantly colored without being made to suffer with red and orange, and I believe are among the popular works in the exhibition. Here, as in the other collection, the best are all sold. It is a wonder to me that an English artist ever can paint the sky, for the simple reason that he seldom sees it. It rains every few minutes, and when the sun does make his appearance, he seems ashamed of himself. I suppose, however, that out of London they have more cheerful weather. I would willingly exchange this veiled atmosphere for one of your good scorching days at home.

Having visited the Exhibition of the "Society of British Artists," I have thought it best to add a few words to the above. This exhibition will also close with the season on Saturday, 31st. It exhibits nearly one thousand pictures, and certainly far surpasses the exhibition of the Royal Academy in the quality of the pictures. The water-colors are few in number, and of no great importance, but among the oil paintings are many of which British art may well boast. There is "News from India," by W. D. Kennedy, which represents two ladies, one of whom has just received a letter from the East, giving an account of the death of her husband; the sister is endeavoring to administer comfort, but is almost as much overcome as the other. The sad story is well told. There is also an excellent picture by T. Clater, "Gossip on the Way," and one by the same artist, "The Wedding Ring," both of high merit. Among the landscapes is "A Lane at Albury," by Vicat Cole, a true and excellent picture, and several by H. J. Boddington, among which may be noticed, "Lynn Dinas, North Wales," "The Windings of the Wyre," "Autumnal Afternoon," "A bright Morning on the River Usk," "A Trout Stream," and "Mid-day, North Wales." There is a certain approach to the German school in all these pictures, and an abundant infusion of purple, but without this the pictures are brilliant in color, and exceedingly agreeable in composition. The skies especially are well managed. There is a good picture full of German feeling, "The First Born," by E. J. Cobbett, a sweet landscape.—"Boromean Islands," by J. B. Pyne; a good interior by T. Earl, and especially to be noticed are landscapes by P. Deakin. This artist seems to have thrown off the usual mechanical way of painting trees in England, and to have painted them as they are in nature. His pictures deserve a better place than they occupy; but some judicious person has become their owner. There are one or two pictures by Zeitler, of figure-subjects, painted in a miserably affected, and blotchy style; they might be called sketches, but never pictures.—

G. W. Horlor exhibits a cattle-piece called the "Morning Meal," much after the style of Cooper, but at the same time full of sun light.—J. T. Peele has one of his characteristic pictures, "Unhappy News." It represents a pale female, with large, staring, unmeaning eyes, and is far short of his pictures we have seen in New York.—J. Syer is remarkable for good rock painting; indeed his pictures may be said to be portraits of rocks, with landscape in the distance. They are rather blocky, but are nevertheless genuine stones.—G. Cole has a number of landscapes, but they are exceedingly artificial, and false in color. As a general thing, this exhibition is perhaps the most interesting of any in London. It certainly contains the best landscapes.

BRUSSELS.—Among the new productions of Art here must be mentioned an engraving executed by Mr. Martinet, of Gallait's famous picture of Egmont and Hoorn receiving the last funeral honors from the guild of archers of Brussels. This picture was completed in 1851, and purchased by the city of Tournay, where Louis Gallait, who is one of the most prominent historical painters of Belgium, of the present day, was born in 1810. Among his other celebrated productions are "Tasso in Prison," "The Abdication of Charles V.," "The Last Moment of Egmont," and "The Death-bed of Leonardo da Vinci." The first is in the royal palace of Brussels; the second adorns the hall of the Court of Appeals of Brussels; the third is in the possession of a German amateur, and the last in the private collection of M. de Vos, of Amsterdam. Another remarkable artistic enterprise is the project of bringing out a complete series of photographic representations of the paintings of Rubens. The editor of this colossal work, of which the first installment has just been issued, is Mr. Charles Mugnardt, while the lover of Rubens is not a little assisted in fathoming the great master's conception, by the comments of Mr. M. C. Fétis, which accompany the designs.

ENGLAND.—A very indifferent, characterless portrait of Ruskin has lately been issued by Smith & Elder, the publishers of Ruskin's works.—An editor, Mr. James Steel, late proprietor of the *Carlisle Journal*, is to have a colossal marble statue to perpetuate his memory. England is progressing. A month or so ago we recorded the erection of a statue to Jenner. Who comes next?—A late number of the *Athenæum* contains a decidedly favorable notice of Chapman's Drawing-Book. The writer says: "It deals with art in a workmanlike, honest, wide, exhaustive way, and rises far beyond the prettinesses of dilettanteism."

THE kind of character often found the most agreeable in life is that of the good humored, vivacious, convivial wit. But this of all descriptions affording works of intellect, commonly leaves the faintest impressions after death; notwithstanding the exclamation which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Henry of Wales, on the supposed loss of his boon companion Falstaff,—

"I could have better spared a better man."

What were the prince's or rather the monarch's recollections of that mirthful genius after the period of their separation? To secure a lasting place in the memory, some of the sterner or more elevated attributes seem necessary. The name of facetiousness and pleasantry is soon forgotten; the philosopher, or even the cynic, lives in spite of us in our remembrance.—*Clulov.*